The Temperance Crusaders.

(1)

From pure desires that oft control
Vile passions - prayers from depths of soul
Well up, and like a tidal wave -
Overwhelming error in their course,
Move onward with majestic force -
Reform, resolve - entreat to save

(2)

For haunts of woe and blank despair,
For gilded vice in curtained lair,
With them that mourn, or far or near,
For those from reeking dens that rave,
Against the cleansing temperance wave,
Who can suppress the falling tear.

(3)

The sword of truth wielded for right,
And justness of their cause gives might,
To stay their arms in such a cause
Brings but a crimson blush of shame,
And who their honored names defame,
Themselves ignore all moral laws.—

(2)

All hail the day, welcome the hour
That earnest prayer - the chosen power
(By "Heaven's best gift to man" essayed,
Whom scoffs and scorn does not appal,)
Will friends and kindred disenthral
To aid and bless the bold crusade.